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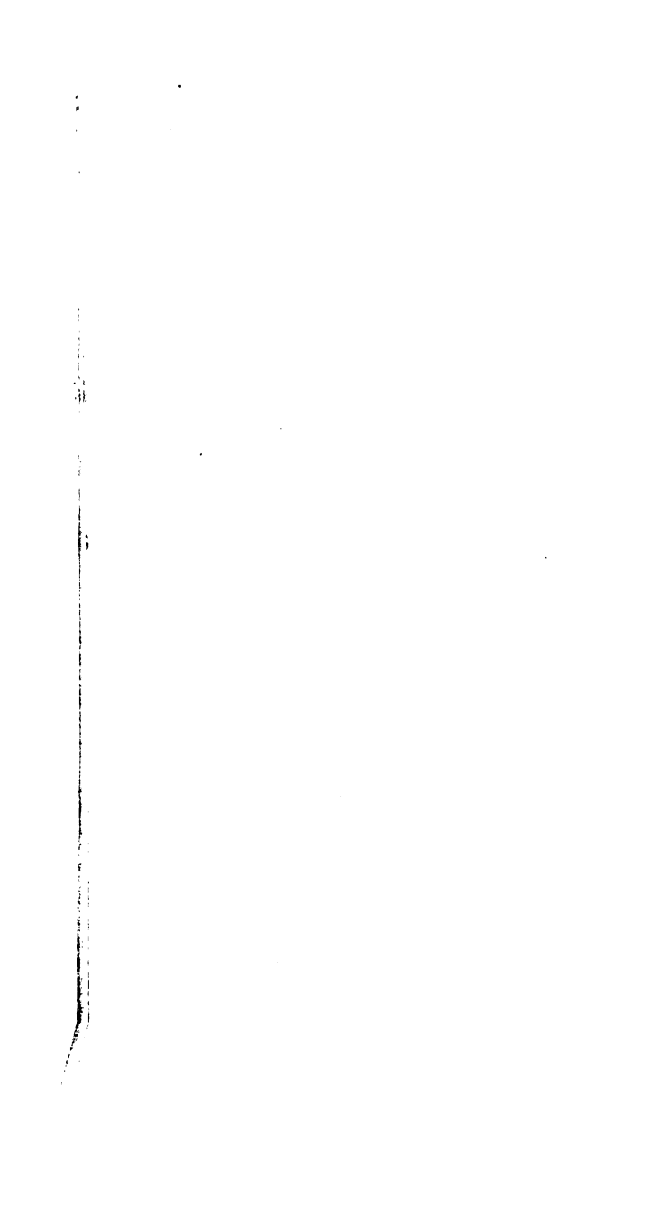
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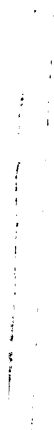


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Gillman





CHILDE ALARIQUE,

A POET'S REVERIE.

IN THREE PARTS.



CHILDE ALARIQUE,

A

POET'S REVERIE.

We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end Despondency and Madness.

Wordsworth.

'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy and a dream of woes.
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each tuned to harmony disposed aright ;
The screws reversed, a task, which, if he please,
God, in a moment, executes with ease,
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.

Cooper.

By H. F. A. Gillies

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1815.

N. E. P.

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CHILDE ALARIQUE.

IN THREE PARTS.

19 FEB '36



The following lines were suggested partly by a passage in the *Censura Literaria* of Sir Samuel Eger-ton Brydges, and partly by some remarks in Currie's Life of Burns. They were intended as a delineation of the vicissitudes of elevation and despondency, to which poetic minds are liable.

H. F. A.



CHILDE ALARIQUE.

PART FIRST.



1.

"YE forests wide, from whom I feel the breath
Of spring, that bears ten thousand odours, blow !
Ye mountains, gay with purple blooming heath,
Once more your scenery vanquishes my woe !
Once more I feel poetic ardours glow !—
Through shadowy groves of never-fading pine,
I watch the crystal currents glittering flow ;—
Nor fairer rays within those waters shine,
Than bright responsive gleams of rapture that are
mine !

I combated the wave
And my frail bark was
To the wild sea whelmed
But now, fast moor'd, I
Soft are the gales, the
And all my infant raptures

"Oh, Heaven! what ecstasies
The purple heath-bell
To meet in haunted glades
And tread the path I loathe
No more from these calm

4.

Thus, as the well known landscape open'd wide
 Its varied treasures to his raptured sight,
 With vernal hues and white haze beautified, (2)
 And tinted here and there with radiance bright,
 Childe Alarique 'gan utter his delight (3)
 To the rude cliffs, beneath whose rocky steep,
 In early days, full many a summer night
 'Twas his in transport all dissolved to weep,
 What time the fairy train their mystic revels keep.

5.

Oh, who can tell the varied joys that wait
 The young enthusiast in the lonely shade,
 When, all entranced, he goes to meditate
 On Nature, in her richest charms array'd !
 What artist e'er the magic hues pourtray'd
 That float on hill and dale !—Ah, happy he,
 If joys like these had not been doom'd to fade,
 Like leaves in autumn withering on the tree,
 And yield to pale decay and ceaseless misery !

On countless pinion let thy fancy soar,

And thousand airy structures busy be
Be all of Nature's richest stores reveal'd

In sweet succession to thy watchful eye
While yet the hues of glory light the sky
And yet is heard celestial harmony
From every copsewood grey and haunted

height.

7.

See now the Childe to coverts green repair

In the fair, blushing, dewy morn of May
What bliss in every breath of "common" air
What transport in the blackbird's cho

8.

But now, alas ! my feeble mind no more
Is borne aloft on Fancy's azure wing ;
Those dreams have died, like ice-built temples hoar,
That fade before the first warm breath of spring ;
Or like the wreck of dry leaves rustleing,
That choak the pathway in November chill.
Childe Alarique ! thy songs of gladness sing ;
For thee they blossom yet on dale and hill ;
Pursue thy woodland path ; of joyaunce take thy
fill !

9.

Behold the youth that late we left at morn,
Now eager watching the mild rays of even ;
While the loved woodlark from his flowery thorn
Carols a vesper hymn of praise to Heaven ;
And in the breeze ten thousand odours driven
Bathes the Childe's forehead in ambrosial dew !
What visions to his raptured sight are given !
What shapes are glittering the copsewood
through,
What while fair Twilight sheds her own enchant-
ing hue !

That linger on the mountain's rocky side
Where the red heath-flowers double red and
To mark the mystic trains that round him
And, beckoning, through the tangled forest
To "hear the inexpressive harmonies,
That seem to float on earth, and warble
the skies". (5)

11.

Then, too, the Childe unrolls the magic scroll
Of old romance; unlocks the enchanted
Whence Milton drew his choicest draught
And now Imagination dares to bring
The forms of bleeding chief and scepter'd

12.

Pass we awhile the summer hours unsung,
And now the tranquil charms of autumn view!
Behold the Childe in some rude cavern flung,
Weaving the heath-bell into garlands new;
While the wide lake unfolds its waters blue,
Slumbering beneath the sun's attemper'd ray;
And all is silent, save the plaintive coo
Of the lorn dove, or, screaming for his prey,
The falcon's voice remote, from lonely summit
grey. (6)

13.

Or meet him wandering through thy rocky vale,
Glenfinlas, where, by watchful shepherds seen,
Ghosts of the mighty dead are known to sail,
And marshal shadowy troops upon the green:
See him, enraptured with the lovely scene,
By lone Moneira's current bend his way,
Till pensive Evening sheds her light serene;
And now, to watch the tints of dying day,
Reclined upon the heath his listless length he lay.

The blissful calm that reigns with
How still the woods! All, all is hush
You hear the dry leaf parting from
But, lo! what new enchantments are
Why rolls his eye in kindling ecstasies
Why starts the Childe, amazed, from
lity?

15.

Is it the star of even that quits her
Descending to the darkling realm
Behold on earth an angel form appear
Art thou the messenger of joy or

16.

Cheering with smiles, ineffably serene,
Childe Alarique, that angel form drew near :
Now on her arm an airy harp was seen,
And now her voice most ravishingly clear,
Now that enchanted harp salutes his ear !—
Deep in his bosom thrills the magic lay,
And kindling rapture vanquishes his fear,
When soft he hears that heavenly Minstrel say,
“ Behold thy guardian power, and her behest obey !

17.

“ Take this enchanted harp, and swear to keep
Inviolatè the laws which I impose :
Swear never more to tempt the raging deep,
By low ambition plunged in fruitless woes,
And I will show thee whence true rapture flows !
I’ll build thee palaces in woodlands wild !
Thou know’st the fragrance of the wild-brier rose ;
Thou lovest the reign of summer evening mild ;
And thou shalt live as best befits the Muse’s child.”

The scenes in morning brilliance are
Even the dark ravine, and the cliff dis-
Where gleams the orient sun on Be-
The woodlark carols clear in flowery
The blue lake glances fair the
through,
And all is bright again and Paradise

9.

Behold him listening to the legends by
Some venerable seer or shepherd told
While, seated on Loch Katrine's shore
The landscape's fair expanse before

20.

Or meet him when at eve the vapours pale
Float on the forest ; and the verdant spray
Of weeping birch perfumes the southern gale ;—
Behold him leave the banks of Loch Achray,
And through the rocky forest bend his way,
A wilderness of sweets beyond compare,
All, gleaming wildly in the purple ray,
Loch Katrine opens wide her scenery fair !
Oh for an angel's voice his transport to declare !

21.

Not always in the wilderness astray,
Where late we left the visionary Childe,
Did Alarique devote the summer day
To faëry dreams of superstition wild ;
 Ofttimes his fleeting moments were beguiled
In lowland vales, where peaceful hamlets smoke,
And where the mouldering towers sublimely piled
Of fortress old o'erhang the wooded rock,—
There oft the raptured youth poetic strains awoke.

Again to wander through the copse

And hear the thrush his vernal song
To breathe ten thousand odours wafted
The copse, where mingling birch and larch
And roam in thought the heaven's unclouded
While "without effort flows the immortal
line ;

Oh days of fleeting bliss and ecstasy di-

23.

But not in verse alone Childe Alarique

Fix'd the wild forms of his creative
In painting's glowing art he knew to
Sweet solace, when the visionary t

24.

And oh, how soothing at the close of day,
When Twilight's magic tints adorn the wood,
To explore some venerable ruin grey,
To him, I ween, no lonesome solitude ;
For there the peerless maid of melting mood
Meets her fond lover, blushing like the morn ;
And champions fierce renew their ancient feud,
And wake on either side the signal horn,
By Fancy's power recalled from charnel-house for-
lorn.

25.

But not by Fancy's power alone was given
To people that old tower with maidens gay,
And knights and squires ; but duly when at even
Fair Twilight 'gan unfold her amber ray,
His guardian genius thither bent her way.—
Oh, she was fairer far than mortal maid !
What artist might her lovely form pourtray,
When floating through the forest's dusky shade,
The radiance wild of evening on her features
play'd !

No more in solitude he passed the d
To her he gave both morn and eve
With her he wove fresh wreaths of
With her he listened to the cheeri
Which on the ear of night the skylar
And heard the drowsy beetle bor
Sweet soothing sounds, I ween, ur
throng !

27.

But, think not these were all the joy
They twain did revel in the Naiad
And they did frolic with the Fairies
Which to the moonlight forest ma

CHILDE ALARIQUE.

PART SECOND.



CHILDE ALARIQUE.

PART SECOND.



1.

me! is this the Childe that wont to view
the simplest scene with kindling ecstasy?—
me! his hollow cheek how pale of hue!
How faded now the lustre of his eye!
As he roams the mountain scenery,
Feebly drags his fainting steps along;
Passes all he sees unheeded by:”—
vain for him the woodlark's cheering song,
And the charms that reign the vernal woods
among!

* Cowper.

read again the flower-bespangled vale,
The path that woke our infant ecstacies,
Years when every hour unheeded flies !

To twine once more the vernal garland gay
Yet feel that nought can sooth our agonies ;
That all our cherished dreams have fled as
'or ever fled—nor aught can renovate their

3.

Yet now, when brightly gleams the noonday
And opens the landscape wide its fair array
Will no faint trace of former joys be won
The southern breezes softly

4

" And have they died, and never, never more
To wake again, those visionary hues,
That wont to charm my woodland path of yore,
And on each mountain scene their light diffuse !
Hast thou departed too, celestial Muse !
No more to cheer thy votary's lonely way !
Ah, me ! what soul-appalling gloom ensues,
When thou withdraw'st thine animating sway !
What reckless fiends e'en now are watching for
their prey !

5.

" Oh Heaven ! it is the blessed breath of spring !
The groves again their green attire assume ;
It is the blackbird loudly carolling ;
These are my favourite flowers that round me
bloom :
What shall cure this everlasting gloom ?
What charm shall still the voice that seems to
cry,
" Go to the charnel vault—the rayless tomb—
Here is no path in our sweet scenery
For thee, detested child of guilt and misery !"

high !

Lo ! yonder is the castled summit hoar,

Beneath whose cliff I watch'd the eve

Oh, God ! the sunbeam sheds its brilliant

On that surpassing scene ! but, ah ! for

What scene shall wake responsive ecstasies

Where is mine innocence ? mine infancy

O h days of early bliss, how soon your

flee !"

7.

Thus mourn'd the Childe with many
sigh,

As on the grass his listless length he

Where on his head the fragrant canopy

CHILDE ALARIQUE.

29
1

8.

In luckless hour did Braggadochio vilde (1)

His pastime in that wilderness pursue ;

In luckless hour he met the happy Childe

Wandering, as wont, the mountain forest through.

In luckless hour, alas ! the Childe he drew,

Reckless of his allegiance, from the shade

Where all his hours on wings of transport flew,

And straight to his accursed haunts convey'd,

Where Bacchanalian Rout and rude Disorder
sway'd.

9.

'Twas on the chilliest eve of chilling March,

And "hoarse and high" the northern breezes
blew,

Through the dry branches of the leafless larch,

When echoing notes were heard the forest thro',

Of hound and horse and horn ! a jovial crew

With laugh and shout approached the quiet
bower !

Where, rapt in visions of celestial hue,

Childe Alarique was laid that luckless hour.

Alas, where wert thou, sweet Muse, the poet's guar-
dian power !

Entered the portal of that mansion
And straight in accents bland began to
How he and all his train had lost their way
And came for shelter from the winds
The luckless youth could not him answer
But proffered food and rest ; and, stirred
The faggots on the hearth, awoke a cheer

11.

Long time elapsed not ere his danger
Enquired, in well-feigned accents of
Why such a youth, with health and grace
Wasted his days so far from courtly

12.

Wight artfully replied, with courage new,
The Sorcerer vile—"O shame, O sophistry!
Deem'st thou, that man no duties has to do,
But such as in those narrow limits lie—
No joys to taste—to win no dignity?
Shame on such coward creed! Be thine to dwell
Where Virtue tried best proves her purity,
And Fame's inspiring trump has space to swell—
Souls inglorious leave the rude inglorious cell."

13.

Twere long those artful speeches to recite,
Deep-fraught with sophisms false in lengthened
chain;
By which, at length, in Solitude's despite,
The youth he won to join his wicked train;
And, once more combating the restless main,
To search for Joy, where Joy was never found,—
For Virtue, where unbounded Vice did reign,—
For Love and Sympathy, where all around,
Dead to each purer charm, in base delights were
drowned.

And did he quit with joy the
Oh, no ! the sigh, the starting to
The bitterness of covert mis-
To leave the groves where, with t
'Twas his whilom the wild-flor
And all his hours had fled on win

15.

Behold him now the sport of sea:
On the wide waves of ocean to
All happiness, all virtue, left beh
Nursing a brood of fancies wil
Loud sings the gale, the ship wa

16.

Flood were that city's towers ; they rose on high,
 Founded on rock sublime ; and all around
 Were magic scenes of wild variety,
 And seem'd, at distance, all was fairy-ground,
 And Hope high raptures in the prospect found.
 But when the voyagers, landed, did explore
 The dusky streets and lanes that there abound ;
 Or mingled with the crowd that thronged the
 shore—

Oh, Christ ! their fairy dreams for ever all were
 o'er.

17.

It was, the sooth to say, a lovely place
 That nature had created passing fair ;
 But it was peopled by a numerous race
 That cared not what aspect the scenes did wear ;
 Nor aught admired of beautiful or rare.
 Stunk were they all in apathy profound,
 And nought but sensual joys their hearts could
 share !

The *mind* was wanting on that lovely ground
 To cast its own celestial light on all around.

to find a trace of sense—
All, all were furrow'd by base passion
Or puffed and bloated by the pride of g
And in each glittering female vainly
He sought for charms that might the heart
Such as, of yore, amid the groves he
Far, far remote, that now he never
view.

19.

'Twere sad to tell how soon the hapless
That then first felt the thrills of an
When stung by Disappointment's rank
Rushed, in despair, mid that unholy

20.

Rescued from that accursed society,
And to the peaceful groves restored again,
Behold the Childe in vain each fountain try
To purify of sin the lurking stain !
His days are spent in solitude and pain.
To the free mind of Innocence alone,
Pure as the breeze that sweeps the vernal plain,
Are the true pleasures of the wild-wood known,
And the bright forms that play 'round Fancy's radiant throne.

21.

If chance, with trembling hand he touched the lyre
That on the wild birch-bough suspended hung,
With feeble hope to wake the wonted fire,
What words can paint the grief his heart that stung,
To hear the altered notes that feebly rung !
Such notes, I ween, as those that now I raise,
Whose Doric lyre whilom loud accents flung ;—
But now for ever hushed its ardent lays !
For ever crushed and dead Hope's once resplendent blaze !

— the zephyr
Casting their fragrance far or
By the fell axe are laid in ruin
Most desolate and mournful
Is the sad scene ! So, in that ruin
All chill and blank became, as
That erst was filled with rays
bright.

23.

Morn after morn dawned on the
The clouds rode gaily, and the
Morn after morn, amid the wood
He heard the bittern boom—th
The falcon screamed : the cock c

24.

Past were the Spring's sweet reign, the Summer's
pride,

And Autumn's days serene ; November chill,

With darkening clouds, covered the mountain side,

Casting her influence drear on dale and hill—

Dense wreaths of frost-fog'gan each vale to fill,

And the sere leaves were torn by every wind ;—

Then first the Childe confessed a rising thrill

Of sympathy that soothed his troubled mind ;

And in the desolate scene sweet solace could he
find.

25.

Midnight ; and on the woods most heavily

Slept the dull clouds ; the southern breezes blew,

And sung aloud their mournful minstrelsy ;—

Seemed as a voice echoed the forest through,

That called the Childe to some adventure new !

Forth rushed he then on the wide heath alone ;

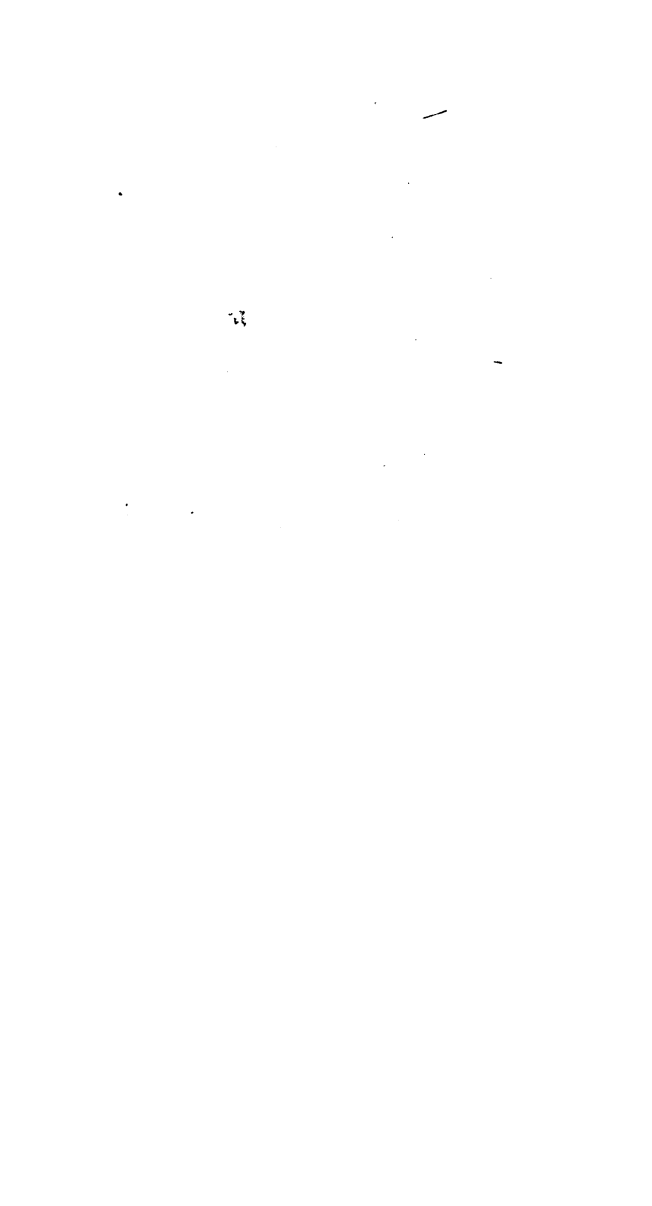
Where nought was heard—nor aught was there to
view :

No murmur save the tempest's angry tone,

The river's distant roar, the mountain cataract's
moan.

CHILDE ALARIQUE.

PART THIRD.



CHILDE ALARIQUE.

PART THIRD.



1.

withered by the lightning's flash they fade,
and soothing music floats along the air,
on a Form in spotless garb arrayed (1)
stood smiling, where erst stood the fiend Des-
pair—

own bright form shed its own lustre fair;
but in her hand a dazzling light was seen,
alisman, whose magic orbit rare
hone like a sun-beam on the dusky treene*,
l on the torrent shed a radiance most serene.

* *Treene*, for trees, in Spenser and other old writers.

As to the youth its matchless wo
" This talisman, best cure for ear
Receive—and bear it ever in th
So shalt thou vanquish thine unholy
And fail not, when thou mark
bright,
To think on Her who gave the magi

3.

" But if, through negligence or wick
That magic orb no more thy guide
If thou shalt fail to wear it next thy
And still from slothful ~~stain to ke~~

4.

the vision fled ; but still the melting fall
Of heavenly music lingered on its way,
Long withdrawing notes,—like those that call
Some sainted spirit to the realms of day* ;—
And still remained the unextinguished ray
Of that rare talisman, whose heavenly light
Gave a rich lustre mid the forest gray—
And emanated through the gloom of night
Its soul-exalting influence, most divinely bright.

5.

The heavenly strains of soothing music died
Like the soft summer gale in languid mood ;
And the bright talisman was left to guide
His homeward steps amid the tangled wood.
The youth, who, long by Melancholy's brood
Of hideous phantoms haunted night and day,
In all the bitterness of solitude,
Now saw the wonted forms in bright array
Rise with sunny smile to cheer his lonely way.

* " It seemed an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint."—Bridal of Triermain.

When Winter's heavy clouds descend
And on the woods their darkening
throw ;

It is the influence dark of worldly woe,
And worldly wickedness that mars t
From Nature's every change can trans
To the free mind of Innocence seren
Alike in forest sere, or pranked in fresh

7.

The soft south-west, pregnant with od
From the dank musky matted heaps
Perfumed the mountain-bowers ; and ;

8.

happy, happy Childe ! no, not alone
Himself his own dark dungeon as before,
Alarique amid the wild-wood gone ;
No ! there were other brighter joys in store.
Though the sweet self-same Muse he loved of yore
Is absent, yet the talisman is there !
Still, as, rapt, he muses more and more
On Her who gave the gem of lustre rare,
In that form he sees that saved him from Des-
pair.

9.

A man accursed,—whose dire dominion still
Over all the inhabitants of earth and air
Lures inflicts with diabolic skill,—
A man himself, whom agonising Care,
In dread Remorse and Apprehension tear,
And Hydra Passion's multiplying brood—
That mind can meditate and not despair,
And feel that nought in earth or air is good—
That is vice, and woe, and pain—and solitude ?

grown ;

If happy still, he faery dreams can

Must have a heart of iron or of s
Contentment here is wickedness al

That man is wise and good who
Bursts the base trammels of Delus

Leaving for lasting joys this “ ne
Or dies indeed—and rests in endle

11.

“ It must be so ! when closed the

The ears that hear—and dead and
And, mouldered down, that fram
be,—

12.

He spells were burst that had enchained his mind,
And he had but to press the jewel bright,
And straight his heavenly guest, with glances kind,
Removed entire the veil from off his sight,
And straight his intellect was filled with light—
The light of Hope and Confidence in Heaven ;
No more mid clouds of intellectual night,
His lonely bark on rocks and shoals was driven,
But all again was calm, and all his crimes forgiven.

13.

Pride, O narrowness ! O sophistry
That seeks celestial mysteries to scan,
And deeds of God by human laws to try !
Let man himself first answer, What is *Man* ?
What is *thought* ? what *language* ? what the plan,
That rears the simplest bud in Flora's train ?
Is *habit* only, in life's fleeting span,
By which the commonest sights are rendered
plain—
All is mystery ! all investigation vain.

That habit cannot quench our
Look on the glories of the vaulted
The sun that pierces now the
The moon at even—the countless
And other suns by distance ren
Amid the mighty sea of boundless

15.

Can sights like these be viewed
mind,

That for a while puts off its base
And soars to distant regions, uncon
Not feel a rising gleam of hope

16.

Now blow, thou southern breeze ! what ecstasy
 meet thy balmy breath with wonted glow—
 Now, ye dark clouds of the wintry sky—
 On the woods your saddest influence throw—
 Carried through the wild-wood let me go—
 Where the fallen leaves in matted volumes lie—
 The swollen river's turbid currents flow—
 For now each varying aspect of the sky
 Gives inspiration new—and meditations high !

17.

When the Childe, while through the groves he
 strayed,
 His former transports all revived again ;
 As if to him even wint'ry storms displayed,
 When swept the driving darkening clouds amain !
 The wild heath dark of hue and dank with rain,
 The desolate lake, the gray and watery sky,
 The long grass rustling on the upland plain,
 And all the scenes of wild variety
 Under the mournful reign—were lovely in his eye.

When through the woods, and then

fly

For shelter to the deepest rocky
Then, cheered by inward joys that

The happy Childe explored the
Trode the pure snows ; and when at

The tempest raged along in fierce
Homeward, rejoicing still, the w
pursued !

19.

Then was that home enlivened by

Of many a mighty bard ; and wit
Of eloquence that never meets de
Lifted resistlessly the soul on hi

20.

March came; and brought the self-same wicked
train,

With song and laughter, to the quiet bower;
The self-same echoing sounds arose again;

But Alarique was not alone that hour—

No! the bright talisman, the heavenly Power,
Were there to save him from the fiends of Hell;
Yet, sooth to say, so fiercely did he shower
Reproach and curses on the demons fell,
That almost had he lost the guide he loved so well.

21.

The while his burning ire was wreaked on them
In fearful menaces and accents wild,

A demon dire had almost seized the gem;

But he was checked by the awakening Childe,
That listened now to precepts meek and mild
Of Her who taught him, that the surest way
To quell that sorcerer and his demons wilde,
Was but to hear unmoved all they could say,
Unshook of all their wiles and magical array.

go,

He dwelt in that surpassing solace
That few have known, and few sh
He moved amid the scenes of vice
To him innocuous, trusting in th
Of Her whose arm had saved him
Of the fell fiend Despair at morn
When the loud torrent raged, and
did pour.

23.

Scarce is it mid the vernal woods
Than in the haunts of men, or
Where all is vice, woe, folly, an

24.

And yet, the sooth to say, 'twas sweeter far
 To thread the wild-wood mazes, and to view
 The lake-waves glitter to the evening star,
 And renovate the soul-enchanting hue
 That peeps o'er all the wild-woods throw,
 And meet again that Muse beloved of yore,
 While, "purer from the searching fire," he knew
 The soul more vigorous and apt to soar
 Through Virtue's flowery paths to heights unknown
 before.

25.

I write not to the dull unthinking few,
 That need demand whence broke the heavenly
 ray
 at o'er the Childe celestial influence threw!—
 And feeble grows my voice; and fast away
 The visions from my raptured sight decay;
 And "pangs reviving rend my heart anew:"
 How quickly melts the Vision's fair array!
 How fast return the clouds of murky hue!
 And now the wild-wood scenes all vanish from my
 view.

Let him to yonder lonely vale re
There sleeps the Childe ; and faër
Each night with freshest flowe
strew ;
And "light of heart" the "village
In "morn of May" oft glides the
And braids her hair with flowers
fragrant dew. (3).

THE END.

NOTES.



NOTES ON CANTO FIRST.

(1) Page 7. *The following lines were suggested, &c.]*

—The species of vicissitude which the author has attempted to describe, has been common to every highly-gifted mind from Shakspeare to Cowper. Some of the noblest intellects have been overthrown in the struggle. Others have been supported by that inestimable light of Reason, which, though clouded for a while, was too powerful to be wholly quenched. Shakspeare survived; but Chatterton perished. Yet, who that reads the speeches of Hamlet, or King Lear, or Jaques, or numerous other passages that might be referred to, (more especially some of the minor poems and sonnets) fails to perceive the deepest and most unequivocal tone of heart-rending and heart-felt

never seen so angry, and angry to see
his irascibility Sir John Harrington gi
kable instance. See HOOLE's *Life of*
1799, 8vo.

(2) Stanza 4. *With vernal hues an
beautified.*]—Almost every one must h
and felt the influence of that tran
which always attends fine weather ;
most the greatest source of the pictu
chill *clear* atmosphere; even the fine
loses at least half its charms.

(3) St. 4. *Childe Almerine.*]—It is al

(4) St. 7. *What bliss in every breath of "common air."—*

"The meanest floret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies
To him are opening Paradise."—Gray.

Perhaps there is not any poet, ancient or modern, who can furnish so many exquisite lines within the compass of so small a volume as the author of the fragment now quoted. How justly is it observed in the *Censura Literaria*, that the whole body of English, or any other poetry, cannot supply a finer verse than the following!

"The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn."

(5) St. 10. *And hear the inexpressive harmonies.]—*

In alluding to Mrs. Tighe's poem, I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing these three excellent stanzas.

"Delightful visions of my lonely hours,
Charm of my life and solace of my care,

And hear the inexpressive harm
That seems to float on air, and war

2.

" Might I the swiftly-glancing scene
Bright as the roseate clouds of su
The dreams which hold my soul in v
And half my visionary days deceiv
Communicable shape might then ree
And other hearts be ravished with
But scarce I seek the airy threads to
When quick confusion mocks the
And all the fagry forms are vanished

3.

" Fond dreamer, m

And when, escaped from tumult, thou art flown
To thy dear silent hearth's inspiring flame,
There shall the tranquil Muse her happy votary claim."

Canto V.

Pure and elevated spirit! Thy "dreams" have not all died with thee! But we wish for more. Why are the other writings of Mrs. Tighe suppressed? Why are there no accompanying memoir,—no letters,—no records of real life given with the poetry? Or is all this still in contemplation? 1812,

(6) St. 12. *The falcon's voice remote.*—The effect of the falcon's solitary cry is peculiarly fine amid the vast mountains of the Scottish Highlands; and is rendered still more striking when the deep stillness of autumn reigns around.

(7) St. 15. *An angel-form.*—This allegorical personage was designed to represent the Genius of Poetry, or poetic inspiration.



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a personal note. The text is written in dark ink on a light-colored, slightly aged paper. The handwriting is fluid and somewhat slanted, characteristic of 18th or 19th-century cursive. The text is arranged in several lines, with some words appearing to be underlined or written in a slightly larger hand. The overall appearance is that of a historical document or a personal correspondence.

NOTE ON CANTO SECOND.

) St. & *Braggadochio*.]—Put for any ordinary, unfeeling, boasting, worldly-minded character.



NOTES ON CANTO THIRD.

(1) St. 1. *A form in spotless garb arrayed.*—By this personage the author wished to represent Religion; by the celestial talisman, the light of Reason and Conscience.

(2) St. 23. *Till sounds the evening bell.*—This expression is not used merely to furnish a rhyme, or eke out a stanza. It is suggested by the recollection of some lines of Mr. Strutt, in "The English Minstrelsy," (Edin. 1810,) but I have not the book to refer to.

(3) St. 26. It is perhaps needless to say that the concluding part of this last stanza refers to a well-known passage in "The Minstrel."

choy, (rooms and translation
which there is a coincidence of
that of the preceding Reverie,
to add a few stanzas as a specin

" Memory, be still ! Why throng
These scenes deep-stain'd with Sor
Hast thou in store no joy-illumin'
To cheer bewilder'd Fancy's tearf

Yes--from afar a landscape seems
Deckt gorgeous by the lavish hand
Thin gilded clouds float light alon
And laughing Loves disport on flu

How blest the Youth in yonder va

Oh ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !
Oh ne'er may Doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm thy soul !

Vain wish ! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd,
Yonder she comes ! the heart-enflaming fiend !
(Will no kind Power the helpless stripling shield !)
Swift to her destined prey see Passion bend !

Oh smile accurst, to hide the worst designs !
Now with blithe eye she woos him to be blest,
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast !

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a threatful glare ;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand ereets his bristling hair !

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime ?
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield ?
Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,
When nipping mildews waste the flowery field ?

How Memory pains ! Let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight :
Ye images of woe, no more recoil ;
Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.



FRAGMENT.



FRAGMENT. (1)



1.

How still the woods ! save when the cheering
voice

Of the gay redbreast from his fading tree

Bids the lone wanderer's pensive heart rejoice,

Who marks the forest's varying canopy !

How bright the noonday's mild serenity,

Beneath whose reign the sparkling currents
dance ;

While as my heart renews its vernal glee,

And roams mine eye the landscape's fair ex-
panse,

Straight has my fancy fallen in visionary trance.

And straight revives the "
Which to my ravished fa
When I had wandered thro
O'er cliff and moor, one c
Till evening's shadows o'er t
Then from the Heavens a
The Genius of the Land, and

3.

Then seemed departed mon
Echoes anew from wood s
As through Glenfinlas' cops
The stag, new roused, fled,
And as from far the notes —

4.

called from old traditionary lore,
age legends did that lofty Muse impart ;
then, I saw the prancing steed that bore
hunter from the mistress of his heart :
ed her ominous dread and inward smart.
ve, I saw her lover stretched afar,
ach fond hope from that fair Maid depart;
ow she heard the rallying shout of war,
w the watch-fire gleam on silvery Vennachar.

5.

so I marked, on Lubnaig's lonely strand,
maid, of lovely form and laughing eye,
ning hour, unconscious, idly stand
ark the sunset's purple brilliancy ;
he fell Kelpie took his station nigh,
as the twilight splendour died away,
lulcet strains of magic harmony ;—
, as she listened, seized his hapless prey :—
r more that maiden met the light of day.

His strains deep graven i
Who woke the "North
Lay,"
And decked with flowers
That else had slept in d
But now shall flourish in u
And brighten, like the g
To renovate its hues in "a

7.

Here, as in these lone wood
The day to floating dream
Each object thus to Fancy's

8.

Oh might the heaven-born influence that inspired
The soul of Cona's deathless bard of old,
Rumour once more those scenes beloved, admired,
So might I their enchanting grace unfold !
But, ah ! my touch is weak, my fancy cold !
Dark clouds e'en now have veiled each floating
vainly I strive high colloquy* to hold [dream ;
With wandering Muses by the mountain stream :
None are my rising hopes ! decayed each dazzling
gleam !

9.

Yet leave me not ! Oh, do not all depart !
Seems as the world, with its detested crew,
Each warm emotion freezing in my heart,
Their darkening influence on my senses threw,
And dashed each beauteous image from my view.—
O, dreams beloved ! solace of many a day,
Once more dark Melancholy's clouds subdue ;
Brighten once more my path with magic ray,
And drive the spectre forms of real life away !

* " Whose colloquy doth fill the breast with heat."—Marriot.



NOTES ON THE FRAGMENT.

THE following remarks were sent as a paper insertion in a miscellaneous work (now in the press) of a highly valued and distinguished literary friend. Although they have been honoured with a place in the work alluded to, yet I venture to insert them here as an illustration of the preceding verses.

It is seldom, perhaps, at the time they are first met, that grand and romantic scenes are viewed with a proper degree of unalloyed enjoyment. Too often the fatigues of travelling, especially if one is obliged to modulate his conduct and emotions to the various, and sometimes discordant, opinions of party, accidents of weather, &c. infuse a bitterness into the cup of pleasure. It is afterwards,

mind, becoming independent of
which it is surrounded, fixes its
the distant, and the future.' ”

It was at this very season of the
visited the Scottish Highlands, and
arises a fine autumnal morning, th
tion, I escape from the flat and un
my little farm, and once more see
magnificent and sublime landscape
gossamery haze, and illuminated
gleams of this enchanting season.

It is thus that to a poetical mi
presence of magnificent scenery
 requisite Although surrounded

the mind revels with all the fervour of enjoyment in its own creations. In the last melancholy letter which winds up that painfully affecting tragedy, Hayley's *Life of Cowper*, the poet observes, "The country that you have had in prospect has always been admired for its beauties; but the wretch who can derive no gratification from a view of Nature, even under the disadvantages of the most ordinary dress, will have no eye to admire in any."

Yet, however just the remark of Cowper, I have often thought, that to a person of a cultivated and poetical mind, the Scottish Highlands present such a sphere of inexhaustible pleasures and delightful research, as no other region could possibly afford; and I have often wished that, with adequate talents, I had also the power of devoting myself to the collection of Celtic legends, blending with their narrative, pictures of the wild and sublime scenery in which they were discovered. To no country can the beautiful stanza of Lord Byron be with so much justice applied.

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To climb the trackless mountains
With the wild flock that never
Alone o'er steep and foaming
This is not solitude; 'tis but
Converse with Nature's charms, &

I never lived in any region
so independent of human society
engrossed by "superstitions"
as I watched the declining sun
day, gleaming on the placid
nachar, Loch Katrine, or the wild
late Loch Ow, I found myself
stranded from every earthly tie;
looking for

of those awful forms of doubtful character that are known to haunt almost every lake and rocky pass in that region of enchantment.

The propensity of mankind to dwell on the terrific and the marvellous is universal. Perhaps no passion or belief, not even that of the existence of a Deity, is more prevalent, more inseparably intimate of the human breast, than that of a certain undefined apprehension at the idea of an intercourse with the world of spirits. (It has been admirably portrayed by that inimitable author, Miss Baillie, in her tragedy of *Orra*.) In no country is there such an infinite share of terrific legend, and indeed of traditionary tales of every description, as in the Scottish highlands. Yet a little longer, and not even the faintest traces of the warlike, or even of the pastoral, life will remain; and with them will die away every vestige of those poetic treasures.

Many of them, indeed, live in the pages of Scott, of which the "*Glenfinlas*" is an admirable specimen; and the recent "*Essays*" of Mrs. Grant are highly estimable; but, comparatively speaking, lit-

"If to make the past, the distant
predominant over the present, be to
scale of intellectual beings, then how
does he merit who lives in a corner
who endures the heated temperance
who suffers poverty, neglect, and scorn,
for the sake of delighting those
never seen or perhaps heard of, and
by the efforts of his muse, the wide shro
tic and ages yet unborn!"—BRYDGE
raria, II. 55.

ON READING
THE LADY OF THE LAKE,

MAY 12, 1810.



1.

SWEET are the twilight's amber rays
That on the northern mountain die ;
And sweet the blackbird's soothing lays
That hail those fading tints on high—
But sweeter far his ardent strain
Who wakes the "mountain harp again,"
And pours in varied course along
The tide of high romantic song.

— — — — —
I feel with more supreme delight
That when to them I bid good night,
When Time has spoiled this forest gay,
When ages shall have passed away,
His song shall triumph o'er decay.

3.

How many a bard will on thy page,
O SCOTT, the raptured tear bestow !
How many a lovelorn heart assuage
Its own, in tracing others' woe !
How many a lonely hour be cheered,
How many a faery vision reveal

TO
SIR S. E. BRYDGES, K.J. M.P.

ON READING

"HASTY LINES," &c.



1.

**THERE are, alas! who view this "living scene,"
Yon heaven of azure and this earth of green,
And all the charms of grove or haunted dell,
Yet feel no rising throbs of rapture swell ;
There are, who view the kindling glow of morn
With purple fringe the distant hills adorn ;
There are, who mark the fading light of even,
And hear the wood-notes on the breezes driven ;
Yet to their groveling souls no sweets are known,
Save the dull sway of sensual joys alone.**

' Pure, and by" heaven directed " toils
fought but a treasure open to the eye,
but locked from use by demon Apathy !

3.

But lays there are, of soul-exalting power
To weave enchantments in the simplest bowe
Resistless lays that twine about the heart,
And bid each mean emotion thence depart ;
Duty to passion turn ; exalt each joy ;
Soothe every grief ; each base-born care de
Mid winter's storms bid brightest sunshine
Through desert wilds bid streams of gladnes

FRAGMENT.



LIKE the pale maniac, on whose wildered brain
The light of joy and reason breaks anew,
Who hears Affection's voice, and breathes agai
Spring's balmy gale, wafted the forest through,

Each flower beloved in youth I fondly greet ;
Drink the fresh spirit of the yellow broom ;
The hoary hawthorn's rising fragrance meet,
And watch the gleams of morn the groves illumine.

On me the Muse may cast a faw

I would not, like those early blossoms

That now, alas! on yonder bough

Or, like the "daffodils," recline the

Nor leave one living record of the

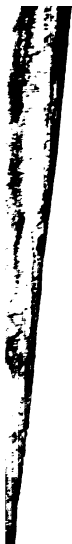
* *Fuit φαντασμα!*

† "Fair daffodils! we weep to
You haste away so soon," &c.





1



MAY 6 1940